AN

ELEGY

ON THE

Royal Family

OF

FRANCE.

Vix Tertius Adſpicit *Hæres.*

"NOR ſhall they fall unmourn'd--- Nor dare [we pry
Into the Dark *Abyſs* of *Deſtiny*:
Yet as ſome *ſtreaks* of *Light* thro' *Chaos* play'd
And here and there *Adorn'd* the *Solemn Shade*;
So ſometimes, Heav'n, to *Silence* all *Diſpute*
Will Stubborn *Atheiſts* ev'n from *Fact* confute:
Blaze thro' their Eylids, *Storm* their *Latent* Senſe,
And *force* 'em to believe a *Providence.*

I ſaw a ſpatious OAK ſuperbly grow,
Whoſe *Summit* crown'd with Sacred *Miſſelto*;

His Leavy *Arms* thro' *half* the *Foreſt* ſpread,
Amid the *Clouds* his tall aſpiring *Head*:
Nothing in his *Unfriendly Verge* cou'd thrive,
And ſcarce the *Under-Woods* remain'd *Alive*:
Yet to his Shade the *Sylvan Natives* ran,
And more ador'd Him then the *Mighty Pan*:
So Tall, ſo Wide, ſo Strong, ſo Fair he Stood
No leſs they haild him then *Immortal Wood*!

What ſtill increas'd their *Awe*,--- of various Size
From his broad Root *Three* towring *Plants* ariſe:
The *Faireſt* was the *Firſt*, and moſt advanc'd;
For this, the wanton *Dryads* round him *Danc'd*;
Each on his *Silken Bark* wou'd carve her *Name*;
His *Bark*, (How *Smooth*!) the Sculpture well *became*:
Their *Garlands* they on his green *Branches* hung,
And *Mirth* they made, and *Roundelays* they Sung:
His Goodly *Bole*, and ſpreading *Boughs* aſpire;
Nor he deſpair'd in time to *Reach* his *Sire*.

Not ſo the *Next*; for Neighb'ring Swains preſume
His *Dryas* ſigh'd within for want of *Room*:
Bark-bound, and in uneaſy Covert *pent*,
Of backward Growth, he, tho' *Aſpiring*, *bent*:
Yet was his want of *Elegance* ſupply'd,
And *Strength* confer'd that Praiſe which *Form* deny'd.

The *Third* the moſt *Unpromiſing*,-- but *Young*;
And *this* he had, from the *Old Root* he *Sprung*;

Was

Was *Nature Bankrupt* ſhe no more cou'd *pay*?
Or does the *Race* of *Trees*, like *Men*, *Decay*?
Vain of his *Strength* and *Stock*, the *Grandſire Oak*
With Thunder *plays*, defies a *ſingle* Stroke.
If *he* muſt *Fall*, his numerous riſing Race
Will *Time* outlive, nor will their Line diſgrace.

Nor this Great Jove;--- His *Intendants* he calls,
Surveys his *Stores*, and *names* his *Generals*.
The *Wood* againſt its *Planter* muſt not *Riſe*:
His *Fall* is *Worthy* now th' *Invaded* Skies.

It *Thunder'd*-- His *Firſt Hope* to Earth was broke:
Trembled his *Aged Branches* at the ſtroke.
Heav'n *paus'd* awhile, a *willing Reſpite* gave:
How *ſlow* to *Vengeance*! and how *Prone* to *Save*!
Nine Moons the *ſecond Bolt* ſuſpended ſtood,
And had been *ſheath'd*--- but *Wood* will ſtill be *Wood*.
Then *Launch'd* away where angry Juſtice calls,
And on the *ſecond Royal Stem* it falls:
The *Knotty* wood was much *averſe* to *rive*;
But 'tis Alas! in vain with *Fate* to ſtrive;
Down to the *ſtump it cleft* him: with a *Sound*
He falls, his *Branches* ſtrike the *groaning* Ground.

Stunn'd with the weighty *Sympathetick* ſtroke
And *Shrivell'd Leaves* remain'd the *Parent-Oak*:
His *Roots* were fix'd too *Deep* to *fly* from *Fate*:
'Twas *weak* to *Change*,-- and 'twas perhaps *too late*.

A *Blaſt* without a *Bolt* the *Third* ſubdues;
Nor Heav'n in vain the *Canonade* renews.

The *Dodder'd Monarch* of the Blaſted Grove
Now owns himſelf no *equal Match* for Jove.
How *mild* his Fate if *Firſt*, or Fall'n *alone*!
He's now *Three Ages* Dead beyond his *Own*:
Anticipating all his *Fund* of *Lives*,
Himſelf, and ev'n his *Succeſſors Survives.*
Ye *Celtic Woods*! th' amazing ſtroke Deplore!
Your *Deathleſs Race* is Gone, * ETERNITY's no more.

* *Alluding to Medal ſaid to be ſtruck by the King of France, of himſelf & the then Dauphin and his Children, &c. with this Motto.* Æternitati Gallici Imperij.

But ſince there's ſomething *Sacred* in *Diſtreſs*,
And Sage *Antiquity* records no leſs
Of *Thunder-blaſted-Oaks*, to *This* we pay
What ſtill he claims, A *Reverence* in *Decay*:
For while the *Herd* on his fal'n Branches brouz,
Th' ungenerous Aſs is trampling on his Boughs,
Thus, to the Grove his *Vocal Ruins* call,
" *How ſhall the Shrubs eſcape; if Cedars Fall!*

FINIS.